

Multiverse 81

Chapter 81: Fierce Clash! Interception!

"Zheng—"

As a blinding flash erupted from the short spear in Azazel's hand, the surrounding air fell into silence.

The balance of the world was shattered, the true power of the Sacred Gear was unleashed, and the radiance enveloped not only the surrounding area but also Azazel himself, making him appear dazzling and brilliant.

When the light finally faded, Azazel emerged—his appearance had undergone a massive transformation.

He was now fully clad in radiant golden armor, the type that covered the entire body including helmet, greaves, and boots. The armor subtly outlined the form of a creature.

That creature was a dragon.

"Pa!"

Six pairs of pitch-black wings unfurled from the back of the golden armor. Black feathers scattered in all directions, and in his hand, he wielded a massive spear of light.

"[Down Fall Dragon Another Armor]"

A somewhat distorted voice came from within the armor, making Azazel's voice lose its usual flippancy, replaced by a sense of solemn authority.

"Although it's just a forced Balance Breaker awakened by overclocking an artificial Sacred Gear, and the entire Sacred Gear will be destroyed afterward, it's still valuable as a disposable trump card, right?"

Azazel smiled arrogantly from above.

"If it were a true Sacred Gear, as long as the wielder isn't dead, no matter how many times it's damaged, it can restore itself. But artificial Sacred Gears can't do that—once broken, they're broken unless you create a new one."

"In that regard, I really have to admire God. Just how did He create these Sacred Gears?"

"However, artificial Sacred Gears do have an advantage over real ones—even if they're stolen, it's no big deal. Unlike true Sacred Gears, where if they're taken through a special ritual, the owner might die."

"So? If you're interested, how about leaving the Khaos Brigade? I can even give you one for free."

Though he said this flippantly, Azazel was already ablaze with aura.

That aura was at least several times stronger than before—its turbulence had surpassed the level of a storm and reached the magnitude of a flood or tsunami.

The power of the highest-ranked Twelve-Winged Fallen Angel, combined with the strength of a Dragon King—together they created the current Azazel.

Even if he hadn't yet surpassed the level of a Maou, he likely wasn't far off.

"Come."

Kaiser's eyes shone like torches. Facing Azazel clad in golden dragon armor, he didn't feel fear. Instead, he smiled from the heart.

"Let me witness the strength of the strongest Fallen Angel!"

As soon as the words fell, Kaiser poured a massive amount of aura into the True Longinus, activating its holy power and making the spearhead glow.

"Boom!"

A wave of light burst forth from the spear's tip, resembling a cannon blast as it streaked across the battlefield, tearing through the air as it descended upon Azazel.

"Why are all Longinus wielders so battle-crazed? Can't any of you take up research like I do and cultivate your tastes?"

Azazel spoke with mock helplessness, but his actions were anything but lenient. He raised the spear of light in his hand and brought it down upon the incoming holy wave.

"Pshhh!"

The light spear, infused with the power of a dragon, cleaved into the holy radiance. After a burst of sparks, it forcibly split the beam in half.

Azazel bathed in the scattering light, flapped his wings, and transformed into a golden meteor, abruptly charging toward Kaiser.

His speed had more than doubled compared to before.

"Clang!!!"

The golden meteor slammed into Kaiser, who blocked it with his raised Holy Spear. A bell-like metallic clang rang out, and Kaiser was sent flying along with the shockwave.

"Boom—boom—boom—"

Kaiser flew backward like a launched cannonball, shattering rock after rock before crashing into a small mountain, which then collapsed and buried him in rubble.

"It's not over yet!"

Azazel emerged from the golden meteor and hurled his light spear, which transformed into another meteor and shot toward the small mountain.

"Rumble—!"

It was as if a nuclear warhead had struck. The mountain exploded instantly, and the dust and debris rose like a mushroom cloud, violent and terrifying.

"Boom!"

Suddenly, from within the mushroom cloud and shockwave, a sacred surge burst forth again—turning into a pillar of light that pierced the sky and earth. It blew away the dust and shot directly at Azazel, catching him off guard and blasting him away.

"Crack... crack..."

As Azazel flew backward, the golden armor on his body emitted a series of cracking sounds, indicating significant damage.

"Thank goodness for the armor..."

Azazel felt like he had been struck by a mountain. The impact was absorbed by the armor, keeping his body unharmed, but he could still feel the immense force behind it.

Without this armor, he would have been seriously injured.

"Whoosh!"

At that moment, a figure wreathed in holy white light tore through the air, with the True Longinus in hand, lunging toward Azazel like a flash of light.

"Clang!"

Azazel quickly generated another light spear in his hand, using the power of the dragon to deflect the incoming sharp spear tip.

"Swish swish swish...!"

Kaiser, refusing to relent, launched a flurry of rapid, precise thrusts with the Holy Spear, each strike swift and from tricky angles—like a torrential downpour of pear blossoms, relentless and continuous.

"Clang—clang—clang—clang—"

Azazel spun his spear, using expert long weapon techniques to deflect each of the incoming blows, focusing on clashing with the spear shaft rather than the tip.

In the blink of an eye, the two exchanged dozens of blows. Each clash generated shockwaves that scattered debris, shook the earth, and left traces of destruction across the battlefield.

Throughout the duel, their figures continuously blurred and intertwined, never pausing, leaving aftershocks and battle scars wherever they moved.

"Boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom boom...!"

Suddenly, Azazel, who was being suppressed in close combat, raised his hand and conjured a barrage of light spears in midair, raining them down fiercely upon Kaiser.

The sacred white light surrounding Kaiser was violently disrupted by the light spears, quickly thinning.

"Boom!"

Just as the light spears were about to pierce through his Touki and hit his body, Kaiser unleashed a shockwave of holy power from the True Longinus, shattering all the incoming spears.

"Pshhh!"

In the next instant, the Holy Spear slashed down, its sharp tip slicing through Azazel's armor. Shards flew as the spear tore into his chest.

"Pshhh!"

But Azazel's other hand had already summoned a light sword, which cut through Kaiser's Touki and slashed his side, drawing a stream of blood.

"Pshhh!" "Pshhh!" "Pshhh!"...

The two of them fought with reckless abandon, exchanging over a dozen strikes in less than half a second. Each landed blow opened wounds and spilled blood across the battlefield.

"This is bad...!"

Azazel, his armor now tattered and his weapons damaged, flew back in disarray.

"Boom!"

Kaiser, equally bloodied and battered, still had a fierce gleam in his eyes. Seeing Azazel retreat, he immediately unleashed holy power, blasting Azazel away with a beam of light.

"Rumble rumble...!"

Their escalating battle was wreaking havoc on the battlefield. The surrounding land for several kilometers shattered, collapsed, and sank, raising massive clouds of dust and debris.

It looked like the end of the world—a terrifying sight.

"Azazel!"

In the crumbling underground, Kaiser's body once again ignited with Touki. With a violent aura, he charged toward Azazel.

"You're a wielder of the Holy Spear—don't go turning into a berserker like the kids I mentor!"

Azazel's helmet had been half-destroyed, revealing part of his bloodstained face, but he still laughed wildly with unyielding arrogance.

The Holy Spear and Light Spear simultaneously radiated brilliance.

Kaiser, surging with white light, and Azazel, flapping his black wings, shot toward each other like two meteors—one white, one gold—in the collapsing underground.

This was the final strike.

This was the moment to decide the victor.

Kaiser unleashed all the holy power within the True Longinus, while Azazel released all of his light power and the dragon power of his artificial Sacred Gear. With an impact like colliding meteors, they created shockwaves and sonic booms, shattering every falling boulder as they rushed at each other.

Just as they were about to clash in the most terrifying, most intense, and most brutal strike of the entire battle—

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

Two figures suddenly appeared in the underground space, blocking the paths of the two fighters.

"Stop! Azazel!"

Standing in front of Azazel was an angel dressed in a majestic golden robe, with long golden hair flowing to his waist, a golden halo floating above his head, and six pairs of golden wings unfurled from his back.

He radiated an incredibly rich, pure, and sacred light power, which enveloped Azazel entirely and froze him in place.

"This ends now."

Standing in front of Kaiser was a red-haired man who bore an 80% resemblance to Rias Gremory, also dressed in a solemn robe.

The power he released wasn't light, but Destruction-type demonic power like Rias's—only denser, more dangerous, and deeper.

The Destruction power transformed into a magic blast and violently clashed with Kaiser's holy power.

In the collision, the magic blast was purified by the holy power, but the resulting shockwave still sent Kaiser flying backward, where he landed on a protruding boulder.

"Rumble rumble..."

The battlefield continued collapsing, the ground constantly shaking, without end.